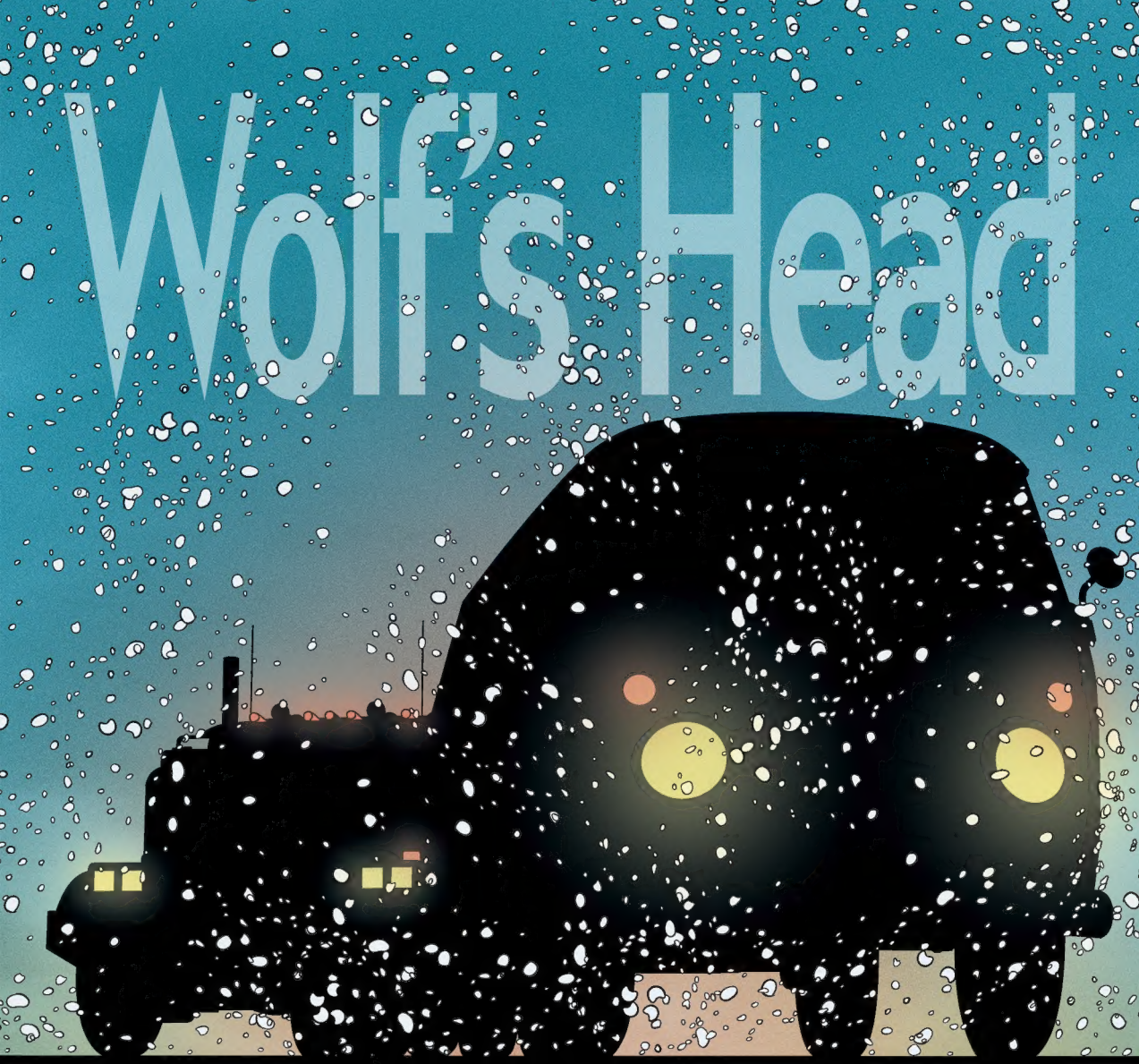
Wolf's Head

By Von Allan

Issue 17

Wolf's Head



By Von Allan

Edited by Sam Boswell

Wolf's Head, Von Allan, and all characters and likenesses are ™ and © 2017 - 2022 Eric Allan Julien. All rights reserved. No reproduction without prior written permission of the publisher except brief passages in reviews. Names, characters, and incidents featured in this publication either are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead or events, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

Published by Von Allan Studio, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.
Email: media@vonallan.com Web: https://www.vonallan.com

ISBN: 978-1-989885-20-8 (electronic)

Von Allan and Von Allan Studio gratefully acknowledges the financial support of the City of Ottawa.

Ottawa

Von Allan proudly presents a special four story issue!

"Tales from the Road..."

Starring!

Lauren Greene, a guardian, a friend

"Hope Still Grovels In This Dark SOJOURN..."

Richard Blairstone, a foe, a lackey

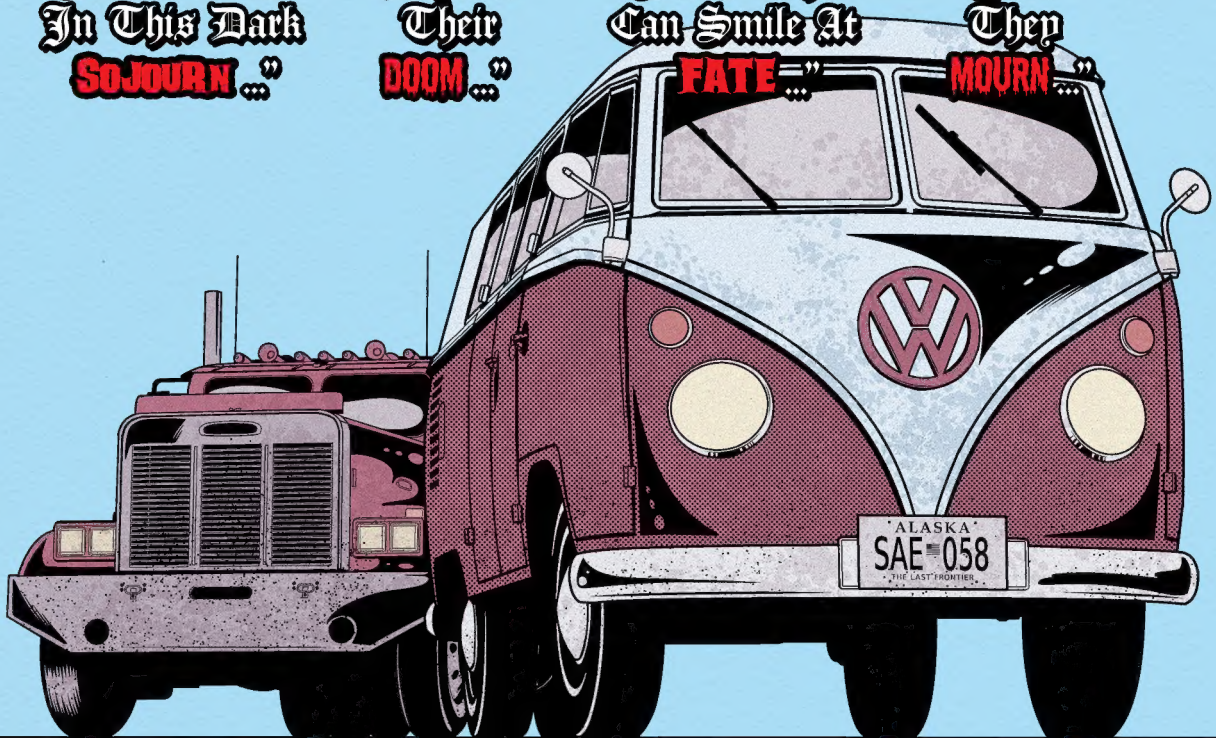
"Let Those Deplore Their DOOM..."

Super Bob Sanchez, a trucker, a scoundrel

"Lotty Souls Who Can Smile At FATE..."

Jeremy Hamilton, a boss, a rival

"Wonder How They MOURN..."



"Hope Still Grovels In This Dark SOJOURN..."

Sparring Brothers Gym, 58 Rowen Avenue, Beaverlodge, Alberta. January 19th, 2019. 10:45 AM.

Lauren Greene!

C'mon, you son of a bitch! *C'mon!*

Wham!

You really pounded the crap out of that punching bag, Miss--?

S-Sure did. *Whew.* I had some tension to work out.

Still tense, but that helped.

Drop-ins are great, ain't they, Miss? I hope you'll try us again sometime. Changing area is in the back.

Thanks, but I'll change in my *van.*

GYM STAFF

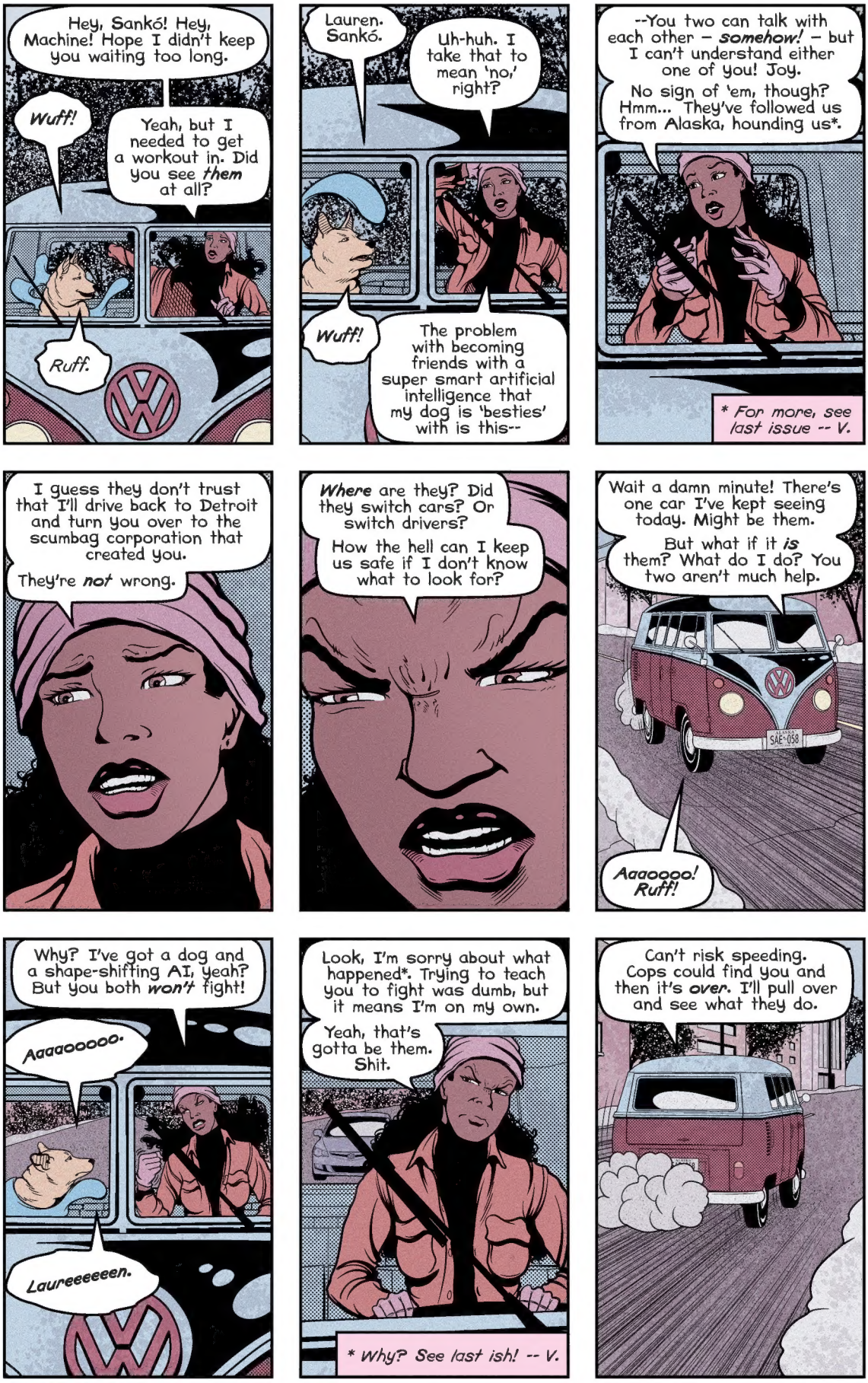
That's right! You came in your "civies", too. That's some commitment!

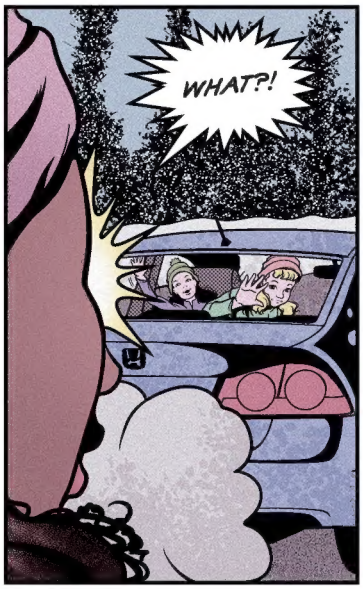
Yeah, don't wanna waste a minute of time.

Still, with a membership--

GYM STAFF

--Thanks, but I'm good. Gotta go. See ya.


Hey, Sankó! Hey, Machine! Hope I didn't keep you waiting too long.
Wuff!
Yeah, but I needed to get a workout in. Did you see them at all?
Ruff.
Lauren. Sankó.
Uh-huh. I take that to mean 'no,' right?
Wuff!
The problem with becoming friends with a super smart artificial intelligence that my dog is 'besties' with is this--
--You two can talk with each other – somehow! – but I can't understand either one of you! Joy.
No sign of 'em, though? Hmm... They've followed us from Alaska, hounding us*.
* For more, see last issue -- V.
I guess they don't trust that I'll drive back to Detroit and turn you over to the scumbag corporation that created you.
They're not wrong.
Where are they? Did they switch cars? Or switch drivers?
How the hell can I keep us safe if I don't know what to look for?
Wait a damn minute! There's one car I've kept seeing today. Might be them.
But what if it is them? What do I do? You two aren't much help.
SAE-058
Aaaoooo! Ruff!
Why? I've got a dog and a shape-shifting AI, yeah? But you both won't fight!
Aaaaoooooo.
Laureeeeeen.
Look, I'm sorry about what happened*. Trying to teach you to fight was dumb, but it means I'm on my own.
Yeah, that's gotta be them. Shit.
* Why? See last ish! -- V.
Can't risk speeding. Cops could find you and then it's over. I'll pull over and see what they do.


WHAT?!

Son of a bitch. It's either a *great* long con or I was wrong. Guys, this is making me paranoid. *Really* paranoid.
Soon I'll be jumping at shadows. Damn it all.

I know the folks that created you, ARPC*, want you back. Fine. And they don't want to risk losing you to police or whatever. Fine.
* Advanced Research Projects Corporation -- V

And they won't risk a confrontation 'cuz of what happened before*. *Fine*. We're okay as long as they *think* we're heading to Detroit.
If that changes, they'll make a move.
* See WH #6 -- V.

But I just can't drive you to Detroit. We'd be walking into the most obvious trap *ever*.
Ruff!

Especially since their goons will be following us all the way. I need to regain the advantage somehow. Pick a spot that *we* choose, not them.
Something weird and out of the way.

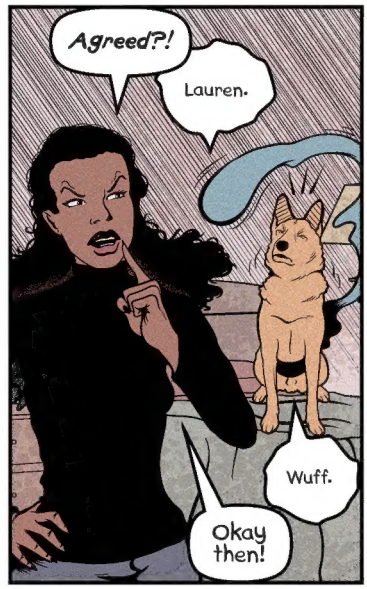
Even better if I can figure out a way to *fake* them out. Give them something that they *think* is you, but isn't. Something convincing.
Lauren!
But what? And how?

I just know that we *can't* be violent. You two are sweethearts, you really are. I was so stupid thinking I could train you to fight.
I just want to keep you safe. I hate the idea of losing you. Especially to ARPC.

I gotta come up with something. If I can't, then we'll have to *disappear*.
New name, new IDs, new everything. Walk away from everyone and everything.
We'd be on the run. *Forever*.

A street in, Beaverlodge, Alberta. January 19th, 2019. 11:57 AM.
We'll get out of town and hit the motel I booked in Fox Creek. Then tomorrow we can--
--son of a bitch! There they are!
Well, I knew they were around. Didn't switch cars or anything. Uh-huh.
Why bother? What am I gonna do to stop them? They could sit on my bumper and I couldn't do anything. Cocky bastards.
Connolly and Sons Motel, near Fox Creek, Alberta. 2:55 PM.
The sun will be setting soon so we'll stop here for the night. They followed us every step of the way.
MOTEL
Look at them! Same damn BMW and everything! They aren't even trying to be subtle! Damn it!
3:25 PM.
We need help, guys, but ARPC already threatened all of my friends. Plus I'm sure they're watching everyone I know.
They did their research, I'll give 'em that. If there was someone I could trust--
--Hold on. There is someone. Someone ARPC doesn't know anything about. He's not the most reliable, but--
--Ruff.
Quiet, you.
He's always on the road, crisscrossing North America, hauling shit. If we're lucky, he might be only a few days away.
Ruff! WUFF! ARF!
Yeah, I know you aren't crazy about him. So what? Do you like ARPC?
Wuff.
Thought so. He doesn't know about our friend here, but sometimes you just have to trust people. And that means telling him everything.
ARF! ARF!

Oh, really?! We have ARPC agents tailing us. Detroit is a trap. I'm just supposed to take that?
I've got to do something to flip the odds. I'm calling *Super Bob Sanchez!* Agreed?


Agreed?!
Lauren.
Wuff.
Okay then!

Now, I can't use my cell. They might have put a *bug* in it. Or they may have a cell phone interceptor.
But I might be able to set them up, if our friend here can help me.

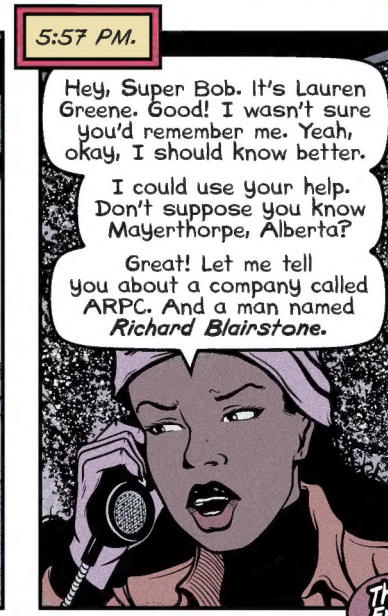
Remember how you turned into that snowman? Do you think you could make yourself look like *me?*
Lauren?
It doesn't have to be perfect. Just kinda close.
Try, for me? Please try.

Lauren!
Holy shit! That'll do! *That will do!*

Stay close to the window. It just needs to *look* convincing if they're watching. Sankó, you stay with the Machine, okay?
There's a pay phone at that store we passed not far away. I'll sneak out when the sun sets.

5:25 PM.
MOTEL
I don't see them, but I still need to be careful.

5:53 PM.
I hope this works.
CANDY
GREAT SPECIAL $6.99


5:57 PM.
Hey, Super Bob. It's Lauren Greene. Good! I wasn't sure you'd remember me. Yeah, okay, I should know better.
I could use your help. Don't suppose you know Mayerthorpe, Alberta?
Great! Let me tell you about a company called ARPC. And a man named *Richard Blairstone.*
The End.

"Let Those Deplore Their DOOM..."

ARPC, Detroit, Michigan. January 19th, 2019. 8:33 AM.

Mr. Blairstone? These are ARPC's personnel files of Frank McRossiter. Hopefully what you need will be in there.

ARPC Security Files Frank McRossiter

Thank you, Dover. I also have access to his ***security files***, too. I should have everything I need.

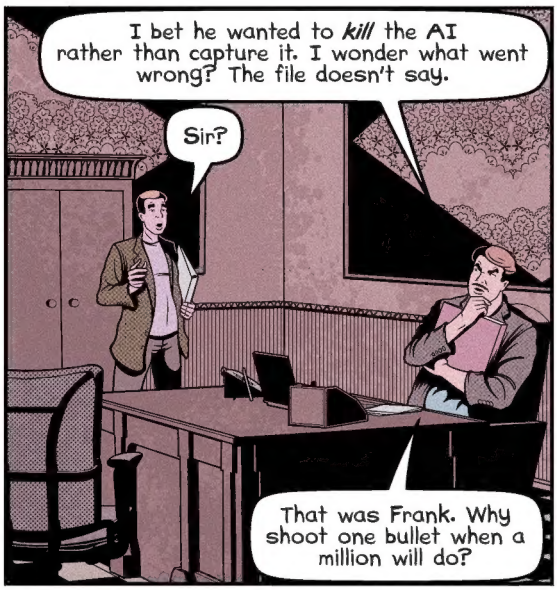
Ever since I got hurt*, I've been dealing with ***claustrophobia***. But Frank here never did.

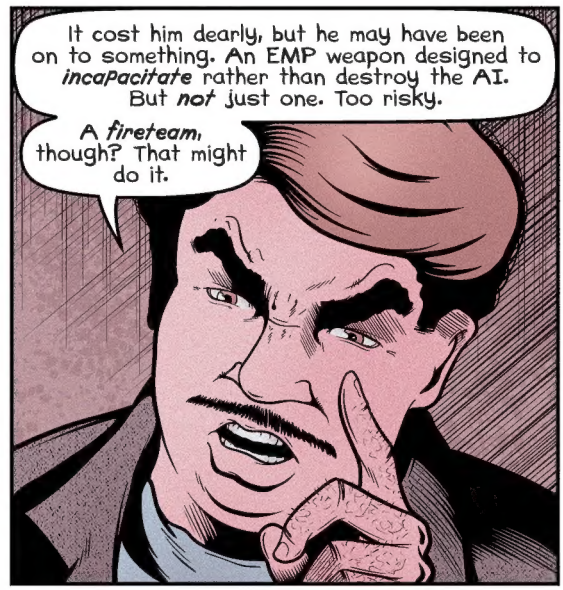
* as seen in WOLF'S HEAD #6 -- V.

--Wait! It says here Frank checked out an experimental EMP* weapon from ARPC's vault early last year.
ARPC Security File
* Electromagnetic pulse -- V.

Yeah, February. That would have been around the time he was released* from the rehabilitation clinic.
Him, not me. I still had a long way to go.
* see WH #7 and #8 -- V.

There's no doubt about what he was trying to do. The file notes that the EMP was recovered from Lauren Greene's apartment on March 1st, 2018.
Frank met his destiny around the same time.

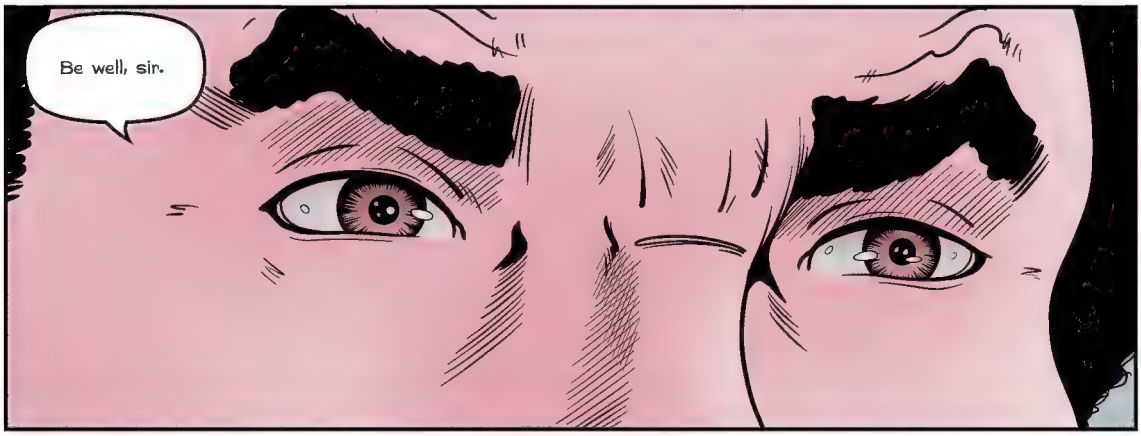

I bet he wanted to kill the AI rather than capture it. I wonder what went wrong? The file doesn't say.
Sir?
That was Frank. Why shoot one bullet when a million will do?

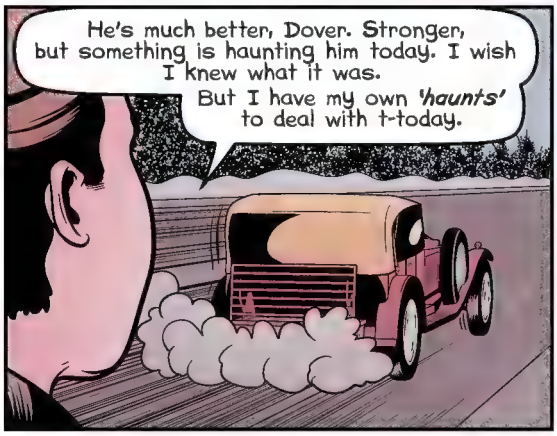

It cost him dearly, but he may have been on to something. An EMP weapon designed to incapacitate rather than destroy the AI. But not just one. Too risky.
A fireteam, though? That might do it.

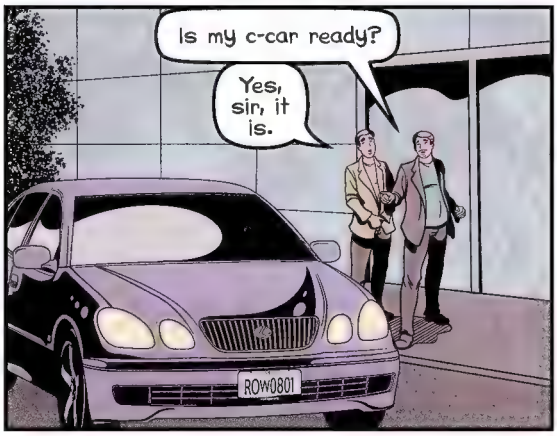
Okay. I don't know if it's some super smart machine or just a fancy computer, but EMPs will work.
Dover, please stay here. I'm going to talk with Mr. Hamilton.

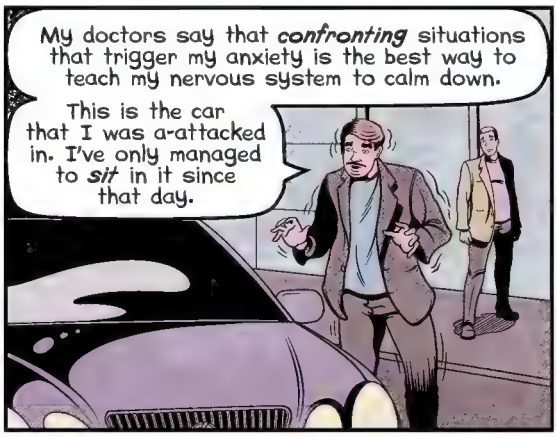
I know that he has just resumed his CEO duties, sir, but I haven't seen him yet. If you don't mind me asking, how is he doing?
As well as could be expected. That AI threw him off a building* and he broke multiple bones. Given that, he's doing fine.
* see WH #6 -- V

9:30 AM.
I have concerns about the EMP weapon, Richard, but given everything that's happened, I think you should proceed with your plans.
Yes, sir.
The EMP may represent the best chance we have to regain the AI, especially given how difficult Ms. Greene has been to deal with.
Understood, sir. The goal isn't to permanently damage it. I just want to protect our security personnel from it.
And make it that much easier to capture.
Right. Please do be careful. While I don't want to see it damaged, I'd rather not see you or your staff damaged, either.
We've lost too much already.
Remember: This will take careful planning.
If I may, Mr. Hamilton, I just wanted to say how good it is to see you back.
Thank you, Richard. Being back in the office is good, but exhausting.
I'm going to take a short winter drive to clear my head and get some fresh air. Keep me informed.
Have a good drive, sir!
MAB1011


Be well, sir.


He's much better, Dover. Stronger, but something is haunting him today. I wish I knew what it was.
But I have my own *'haunts'* to deal with t-today.


Is my c-car ready?
Yes, sir, it is.
ROW0801


My doctors say that *confronting* situations that trigger my anxiety is the best way to teach my nervous system to calm down.
This is the car that I was a-attacked in. I've only managed to *sit* in it since that day.

Hard enough to be in a small b-box like that as a passenger. As a *driver*--
--Well, we'll find out. Just a short drive. E-easy.
O-Okay, here goes nothing.
The End

"Lofty souls who can smile at FATE..."

SUPER BOB SANCHEZ

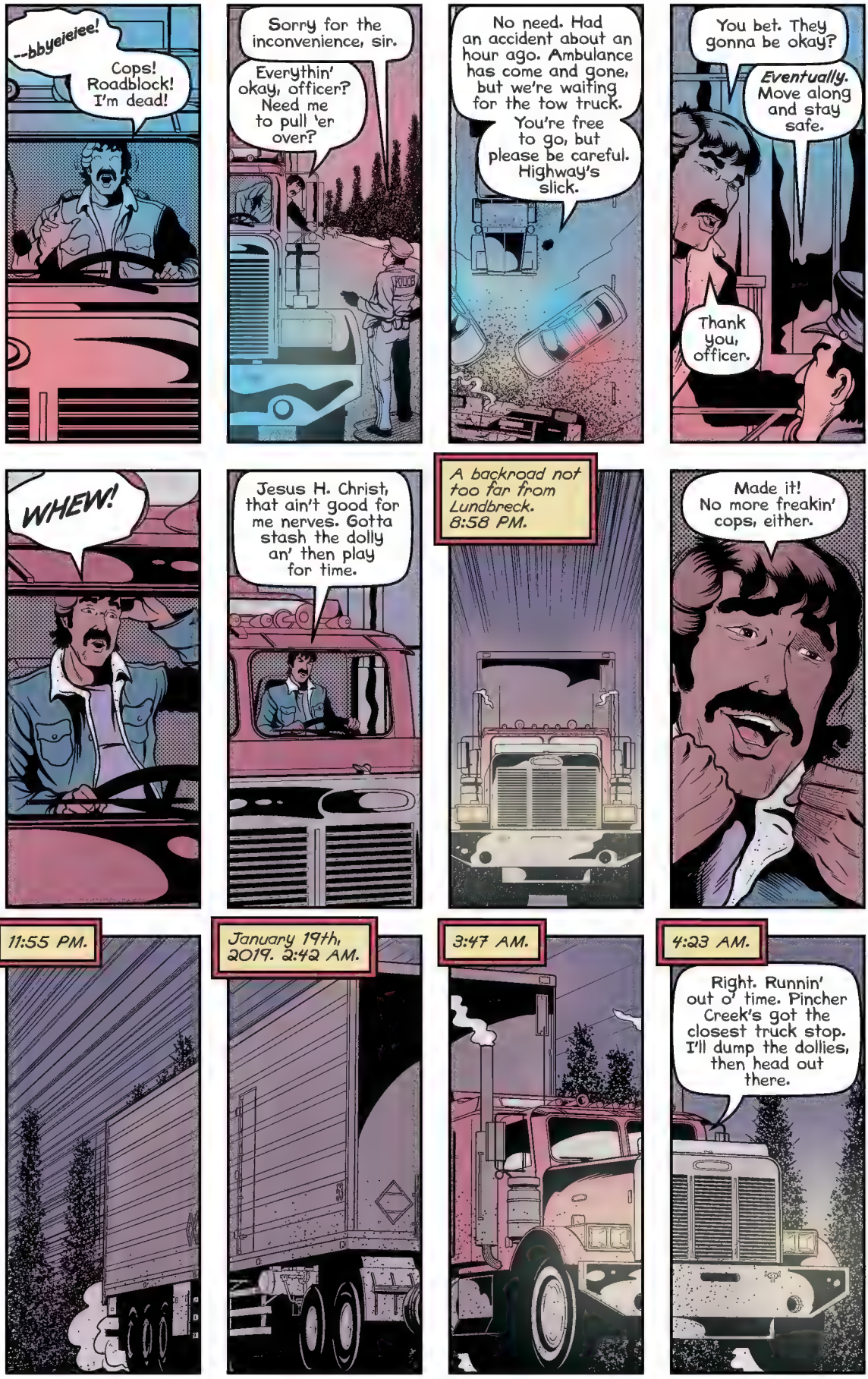
Alberta Highway 22, near Lundbreck, Alberta. January 18th, 2019. 8:22 PM.

Nothin' Else?! You can't tell me nothin' else than that?! Why was he *arrested?!* When? Where?

Shit. I've got a trailer full of legit goods and some goods that *ain't* so damn legit. An' yer telling me that the *fence* who was gonna take all of it just got grabbed?

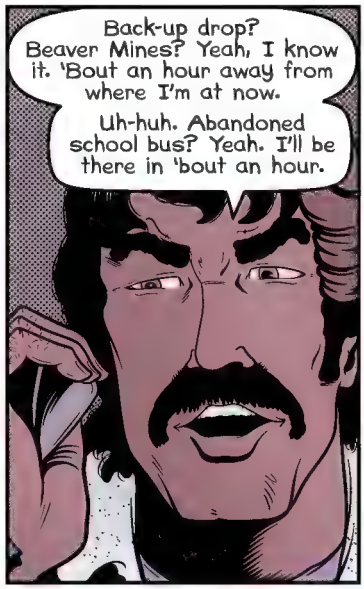
Shit!

I kept one o' these creepy lil' things out so I could text my fence a photo. Kept the rest in my smugglin' compartment. X-Ray proof 'n everythin.'
Fat lot of good that does me now, dolly.
You 'bisque' dolls are weird as fuck. Ball-jointed, glass eyes, fancy clothes. Jayzus.
Havin' an end buyer lined up made the theft worth it... 'til now.
If I get stopped for any reason, I'm cooked. Alberta's backroads ain't inspected much. That's where I gotta do.
Then I can stash you away with yer 'friends' and hope for the best.
Hopefully my buddy'll make bail. If I play for time, dolly, I might get out of this.
Only damn problem is fuel. I'm low now. At some point I'm gonna have to load up. That's risky.
Failing that, dolly, you an' yer buddies are gonna go swimmin' in the first river I find.
Breaker One-niner! Any o' you got info on speed traps around Lundbreck in Southern 'Berta? C'mon back.
Yeah! Watch the goddamn speed limit signs, you fuckin' moron!
Many thanks fer that, asshole!
There's a thing on that ol' dashboard of yours--
--Funny lookin' gauge. You probably never spotted it before.
It's tied to that pedal thing on the floor. Harder you press, the faster you go. The gauge tells--
--You fuckin' asshole! You wanna go?! Tell me where yer at an' I'll scoot right over!
We'll see if you're still mouthy after a few shots to the gob--


--bbyeieiee!
Cops! Roadblock! I'm dead!
Sorry for the inconvenience, sir.
Everythin' okay, officer? Need me to pull 'er over?
POLICE
No need. Had an accident about an hour ago. Ambulance has come and gone, but we're waiting for the tow truck.
You're free to go, but please be careful. Highway's slick.
You bet. They gonna be okay?
Eventually. Move along and stay safe.
Thank you, officer.
WHEW!
Jesus H. Christ, that ain't good for me nerves. Gotta stash the dolly an' then play for time.
A backroad not too far from Lundbreck. 8:58 PM.
Made it! No more freakin' cops, either.
11:55 PM.
January 19th, 2019. 2:42 AM.
3:47 AM.
4:23 AM.
Right. Runnin' out o' time. Pincher Creek's got the closest truck stop. I'll dump the dollies, then head out there.

What a shame. Out money, out time, but jail just ain't worth it.
Oldman River ain't far. Map says there's a bridge over it. Dollies gotta hit the drink.
Brrrr-ring!

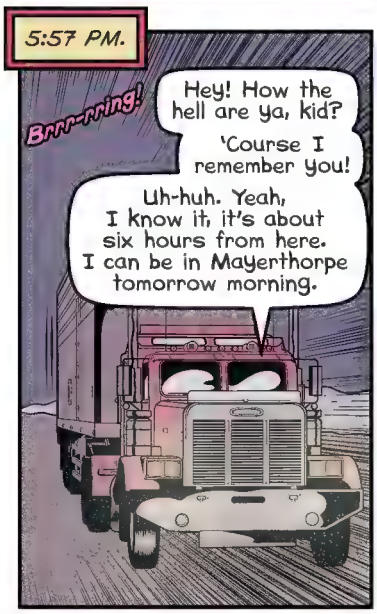
Well shit, I was just 'bout to dump 'em!


Back-up drop? Beaver Mines? Yeah, I know it. 'Bout an hour away from where I'm at now.
Uh-huh. Abandoned school bus? Yeah. I'll be there in 'bout an hour.

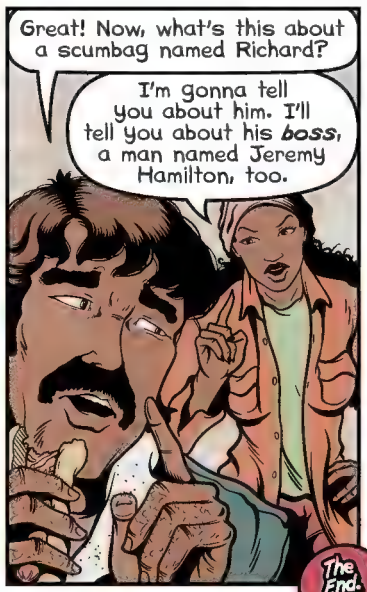
A backroad near Beaver Mines, Alberta. 5:55 AM.
Thanks, my man. I'm glad to have the dollies outta my truck.

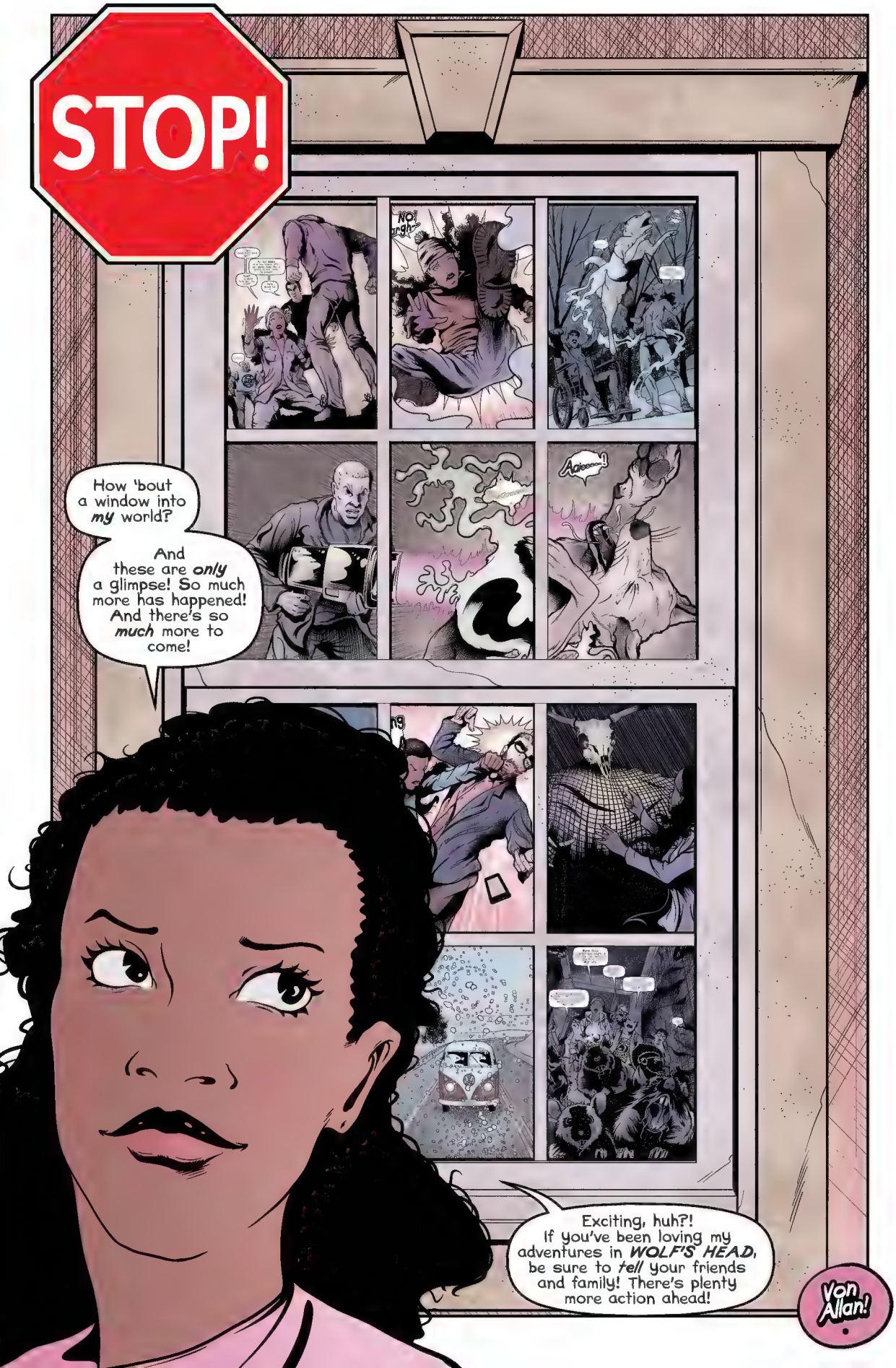
The money's nice, too. Thanks for keepin' yer trap shut an' comin' through. Hope yer buyer's happy!
She will be! Head over heels, I bet!

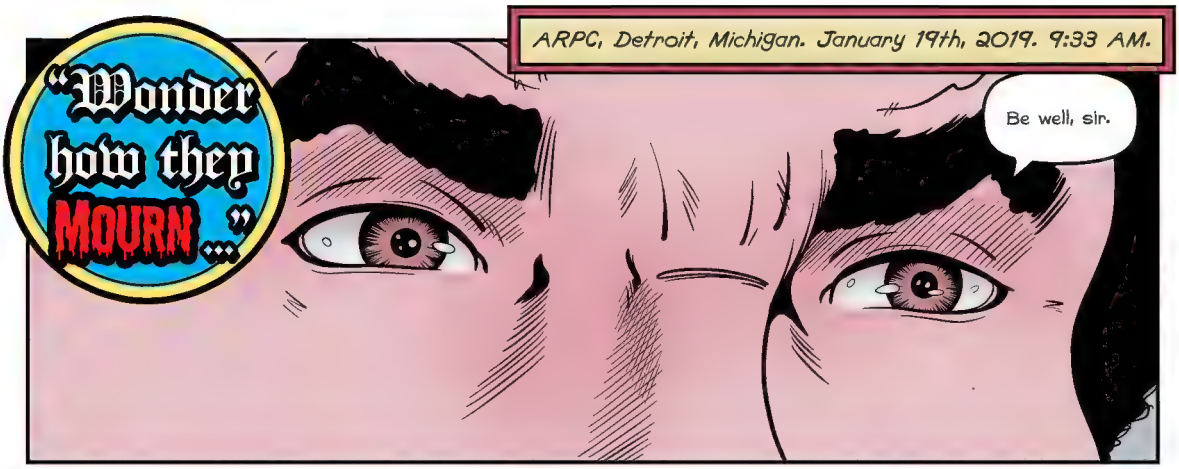
Right on! Now I can hit the road and move this legal cargo. Ring me up the next time you need a job.
Of course!
Pleasure doin' business with you!

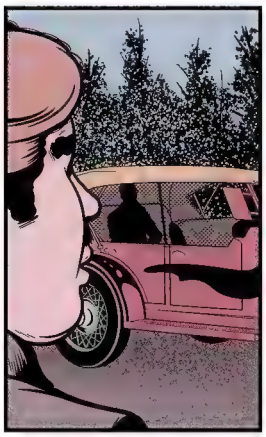

5:57 PM.
Brrr-rring!
Hey! How the hell are ya, kid?
'Course I remember you!
Uh-huh. Yeah, I know it, it's about six hours from here. I can be in Mayerthorpe tomorrow morning.

Prairie Rose Diner, 27 58th Avenue, Mayerthorpe, Alberta. January 20th, 2019. 9:45 AM.
Super Bob Sanchez! It's been way too long. How the hell are you?!

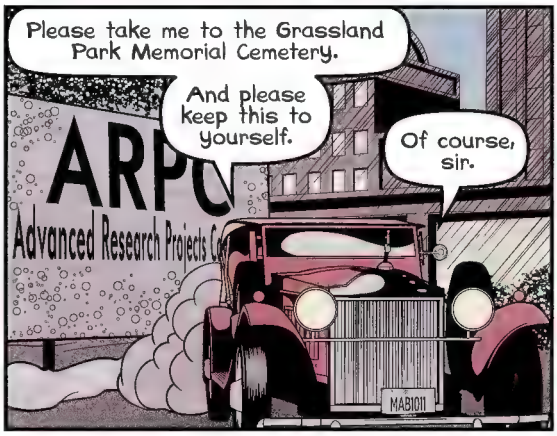

Great! Now, what's this about a scumbag named Richard?
I'm gonna tell you about him. I'll tell you about his boss, a man named Jeremy Hamilton, too.
The End.

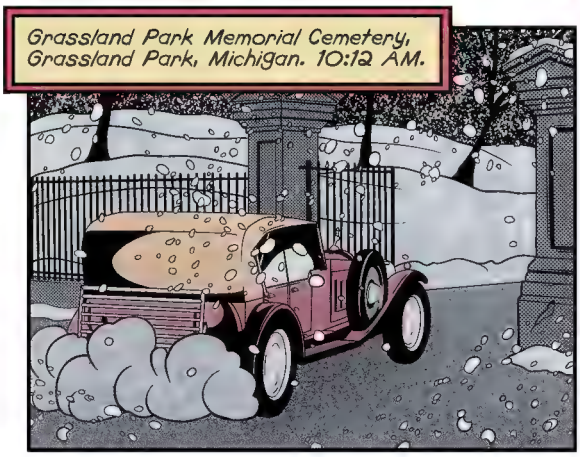

STOP!
NO!
How 'bout a window into *my* world?
And these are *only* a glimpse! So much more has happened! And there's so *much* more to come!
Exciting, huh?! If you've been loving my adventures in *WOLF'S HEAD*, be sure to *tell* your friends and family! There's plenty more action ahead!
Von Allan!

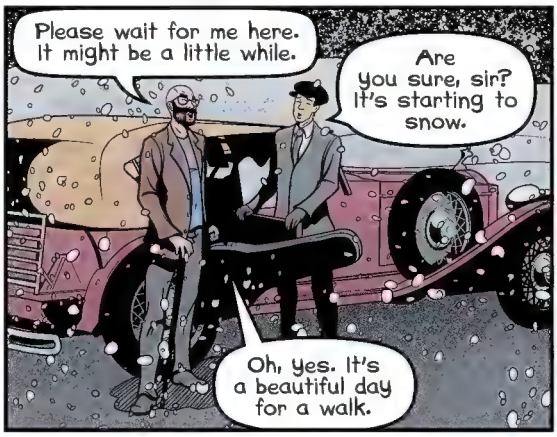

"Wonder how they MOURN..."
ARPC, Detroit, Michigan. January 19th, 2019. 9:33 AM.
Be well, sir.



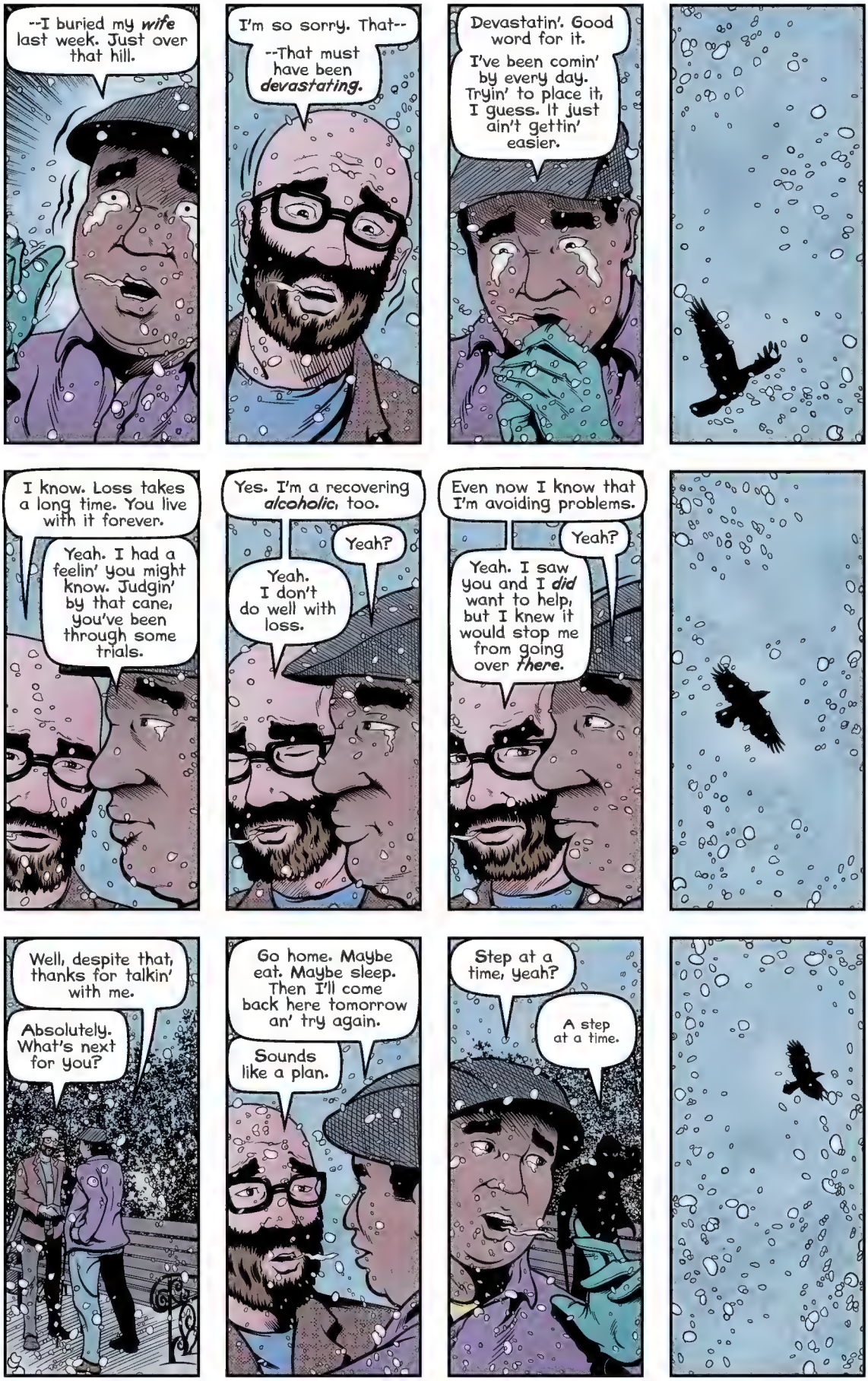
Well, Mr. Andersen--
--I think it's time to go.
Yes, sir.

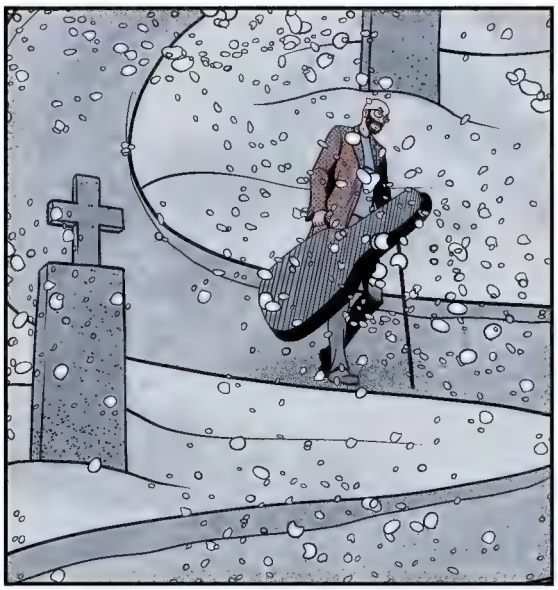
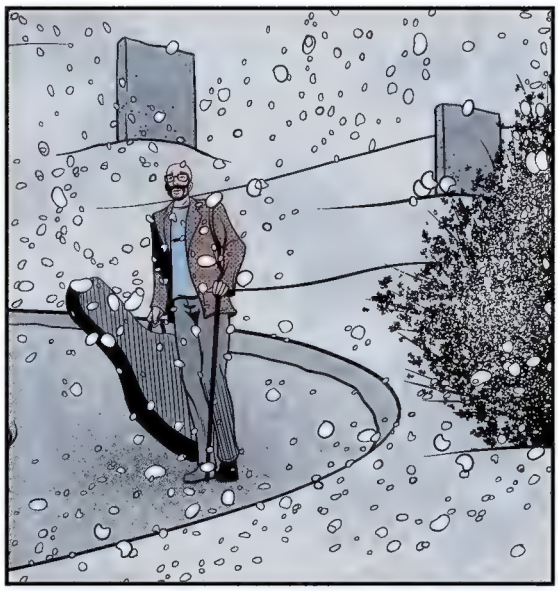
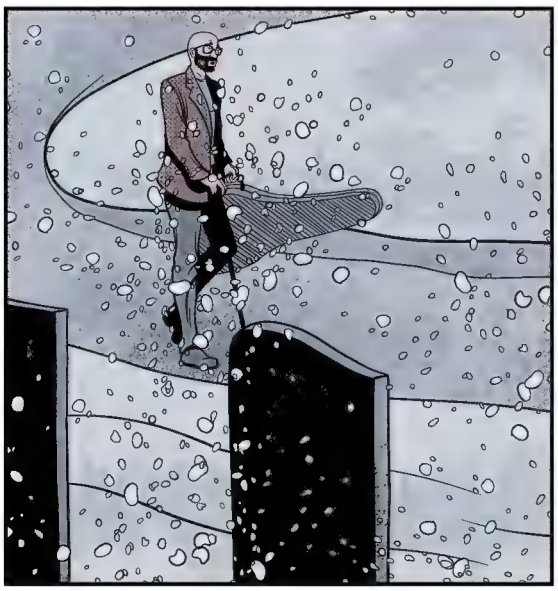

Please take me to the Grassland Park Memorial Cemetery.
And please keep this to yourself.
Of course, sir.
ARPC
Advanced Research Projects Co
MAB1011


Grassland Park Memorial Cemetery, Grassland Park, Michigan. 10:12 AM.

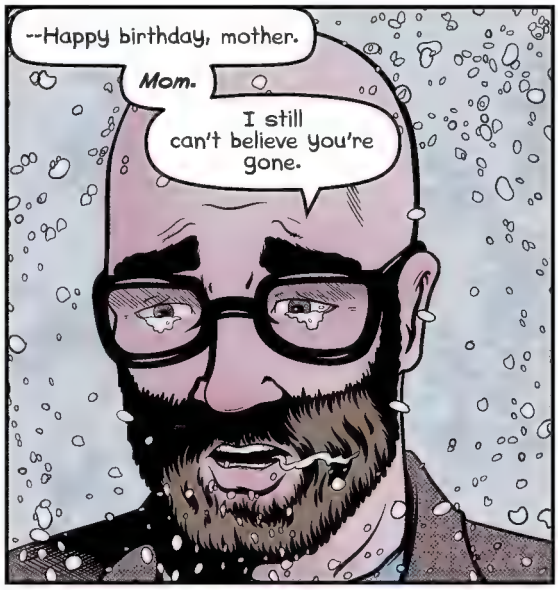

Please wait for me here. It might be a little while.
Are you sure, sir? It's starting to snow.
Oh, yes. It's a beautiful day for a walk.

A beautiful day.
Judith Allan
Born: June 10, 1946
Died: October 2, 1994
ROWEN
♩♪♪
Oh g-god.
Sir? Excuse me for intruding, but are you alright?
N-no, no I'm not.
I'm sorry. Would you like to talk about it?
I don't wanna be a bother to you.
Don't say that. You won't be. Besides, I made the offer and I have some time. Please, there's a bench just over there.
I--
Alright.
This place is hard.
Yeah. Yeah it is. I've been trying to leave for--
--Geez, I don't know. I've lost track of time.
It's been awhile since I've been here. I don't think I've ever been here in winter.
Naw, me neither. This place--
It can be beautiful, I guess. But not t-today--


--I buried my *wife* last week. Just over that hill.
I'm so sorry. That--
--That must have been *devastating.*
Devastatin'. Good word for it.
I've been comin' by every day. Tryin' to place it, I guess. It just ain't gettin' easier.
I know. Loss takes a long time. You live with it forever.
Yeah. I had a feelin' you might know. Judgin' by that cane, you've been through some trials.
Yes. I'm a recovering *alcoholic*, too.
Yeah?
Yeah. I don't do well with loss.
Even now I know that I'm avoiding problems.
Yeah?
Yeah. I saw you and I *did* want to help, but I knew it would stop me from going over *there.*
Well, despite that, thanks for talkin' with me.
Absolutely. What's next for you?
Go home. Maybe eat. Maybe sleep. Then I'll come back here tomorrow an' try again.
Sounds like a plan.
Step at a time, yeah?
A step at a time.

H-happy--
EDITH
HAMILTON
JAN. 19, 1944
JULY 5, 2018
"I am going to the House of Death;
Death is one brother of Sleep, is he not?"

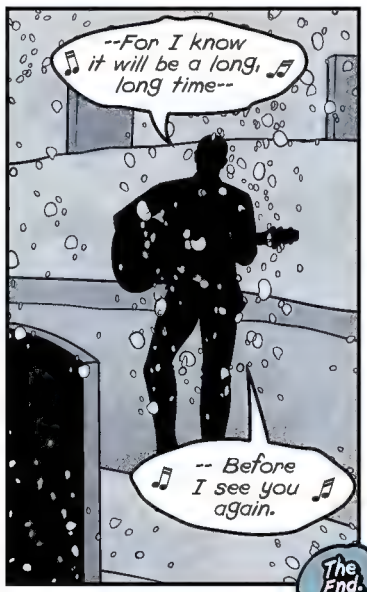

--Happy birthday, mother.
Mom.
I still can't believe you're gone.

You stood by me as I went through my recovery from all of my injuries.
More than I had any right to expect. I'm sorry I haven't managed to get out here since your burial. I know I could have. I know I *should* have.

I'd like to blame it on my injuries and recovery. I'd like to blame it on my alcoholism, but--
--but I'd be *lying*. I just wasn't ready to say goodbye. I'm still not, but I'm trying. Hard.
And I wanted to thank you for your help.

♪ Oh, the sun is on the harbor, love-- ♪

♪ --And I wish I could ♪ remain--


♪ --For I know it will be a long, ♪ long time--
♪ -- Before I see you ♪ again.

The End.

WOLF'S HEAD COMICS

NEXT ISSUE

WOLF'S HEAD ISSUE 18

AVAILABLE WORLDWIDE

★ ★ MAIN EVENT ★ ★

LAUREN GREENE
VERSUS
RICHARD BLAIRSTONE

★ ★ FEATURING ★ ★

★ SANKÓ ★ THE MACHINE ★
★ SUPER BOB SANCHEZ ★

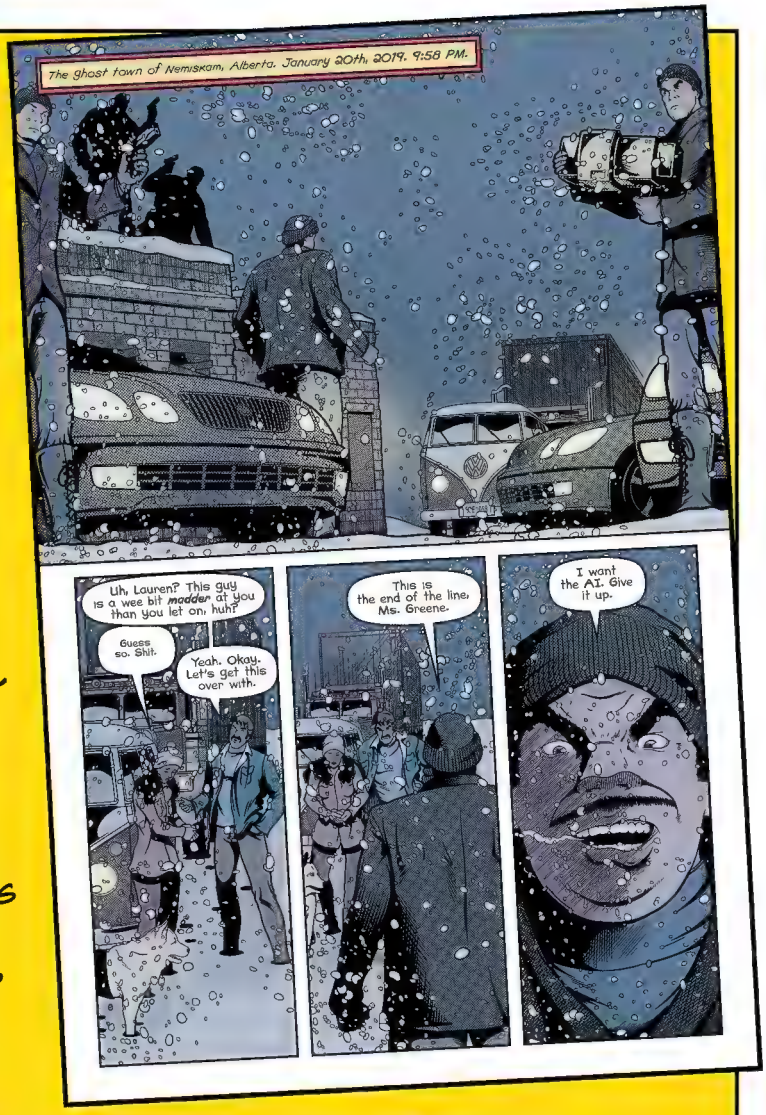
CAN LAUREN DEFEAT THE HOSTILE FORCES OF ARPC AND KEEP THOSE SHE LOVES SAFE? THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! DON'T DARE MISS "SOME HEART DID BREAK."

HTTPS://WOLFS-HEAD.VONALLAN.COM

Sing a song of sudden death!

DESPERATE AND ON THE RUN, ***LAUREN GREENE*** KNOWS SHE CAN'T OUTRUN THE VILLAINS HUNTING HER FOREVER. WITH HER LOYAL ***DOG*** AND A YOUNG, SENTIENT ***AI*** IN TOW, LAUREN FACES AN IMPOSSIBLE CHOICE: ***RISK*** HER FRIENDS' SAFETY BY ASKING FOR HELP, ***OR*** FACE HER RELENTLESS PURSUERS ***ALONE.***

AS DANGER CLOSES IN, A DUBIOUS ***ALLY*** REAPPEARS – SETTING IN MOTION A DARING PLAN THAT COULD END THE CHASE ONCE AND FOR ALL.



HAUNTED BY THE CREATION OF THE MYSTERIOUS AI, CEO ***JEREMY HAMILTON*** SENDS HIS RUTHLESS ENFORCER ***RICHARD BLAIRSTONE*** AFTER LAUREN. AS ***SUPER BOB SANCHEZ*** GETS CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE, LAUREN AND HER ALLIES FACE A DESPERATE SHOWDOWN IN A SNOWY ***GHOST TOWN,*** RACING AGAINST TIME TO OUTWIT ARPC AND DETERMINE THE AI'S FATE.

Get your copy today!

Wolf's Head

12:08 PM.
Grrrrrr.
Hey! What'd I ever do to you, mutt?
Uh, Sankó's been through a lot. He just needs to remember you.
SUSPICION!
Shit, I dunno.
Hurt me. Kill me, maybe.
If I knew, I probably wouldn't be asking for your help.
FEAR!
Lauren, there's a town comin' up in a couple hours called Bow Island. 'Bout forty minutes drive from Nemiskam.
Take one last break there?
PLANS!
VON ALLAN
Wolf's Head
NEXT ISSUE
Shiiiiiiitttt!!!
Kruuumpsh!!!
ACTION!
Good idea. Besides, I wanna make sure that my little trick still looks convincing.
It better. If not... well, hopefully none of us dies tonight.
INTRIGUE!
IT'S THE STORY THAT COUNTS!
WOLF'S HEAD LEADS THE WAY FOR EXCITING AND DIFFERENT STORIES!
SHOCKS!
If you do, they all live. I promise you. If not, they die.
It's up to you.
DANGER!
Wow, it's like you, but different. Drippy. Cold. Not you.
Super Bob, come and take a look at this.
RIDDLES!

2
Digital Comics in ONE Fantastic Trade Paperback!
Wolf's Head
Tales from the Road!
Wolf's Head
WATCH for THIS COVER!
Wolf's Head
By Von Allan
Vol. 9
ON SALE NOW!
Available in better bookstores, comic shops, & online retailers worldwide!
ISBN 978-1-989885-30-7

The THIRD Wolf's Head Story Arc!
Each one a winner... jam-packed with fast action and dramatic adventure!
Wolf's Head
Issue 11
By Von Allan
Flat Cat Food Bank
Wolf's Head
By Von Allan
Issue 14
Special Guest Star:
Wolf's Head
Issue 13
By Von Allan
Wolf's Head
By Von Allan
Lost... in the Underworld!
Issue 12
"Into the Unknown"
By Von Allan
Read them for free on the Internet Archive!
https://wolfs-head.vonallan.com/p/wolfs-head-landing-page.html

Von Allan Studio presents...

COMICS that CLICK!

GET YOUR HANDS ON ONE OF THESE COMICS AND YOU'RE IN FOR THRILLS AND HIGH ADVENTURE! PLOTS AND COUNTER PLOTS, REAL BELIEVABLE STORIES, AND VERY HUMAN CHARACTERS. READ THEM ***FOR FREE*** AT HTTPS://WWW.VONALLAN.COM

SHEBA AND ***OTTO*** ARE INTER-GALACTIC ***BOUNTY HUNTERS*** TRYING THEIR BEST TO MAKE A NOT-SO-HONEST BUCK. HIRED TO TRACK DOWN A KIDNAPPED PRINCESS, THE TWO ARE CONFRONTED BY THE NEFARIOUS ***QUEEN ALORA*** AND HER BARBARIANS!

VON ALLAN AND SAM BOSWELL GIVE YOU THE COMICS WE THINK YOU LIKE BEST. EVERY STORY CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT, CHECKED, AND RECHECKED – AND ALL SUPERBLY DRAWN. AND WE THINK YOU WILL HAVE A LOT OF FUN READING THEM, TOO! LOOK FOR ***"SHEBA THE GREAT!"***, ***"STORIES! 2015 TO 2019"***, AND ***"WIZARDS FOR HIRE – CHEAP!"***

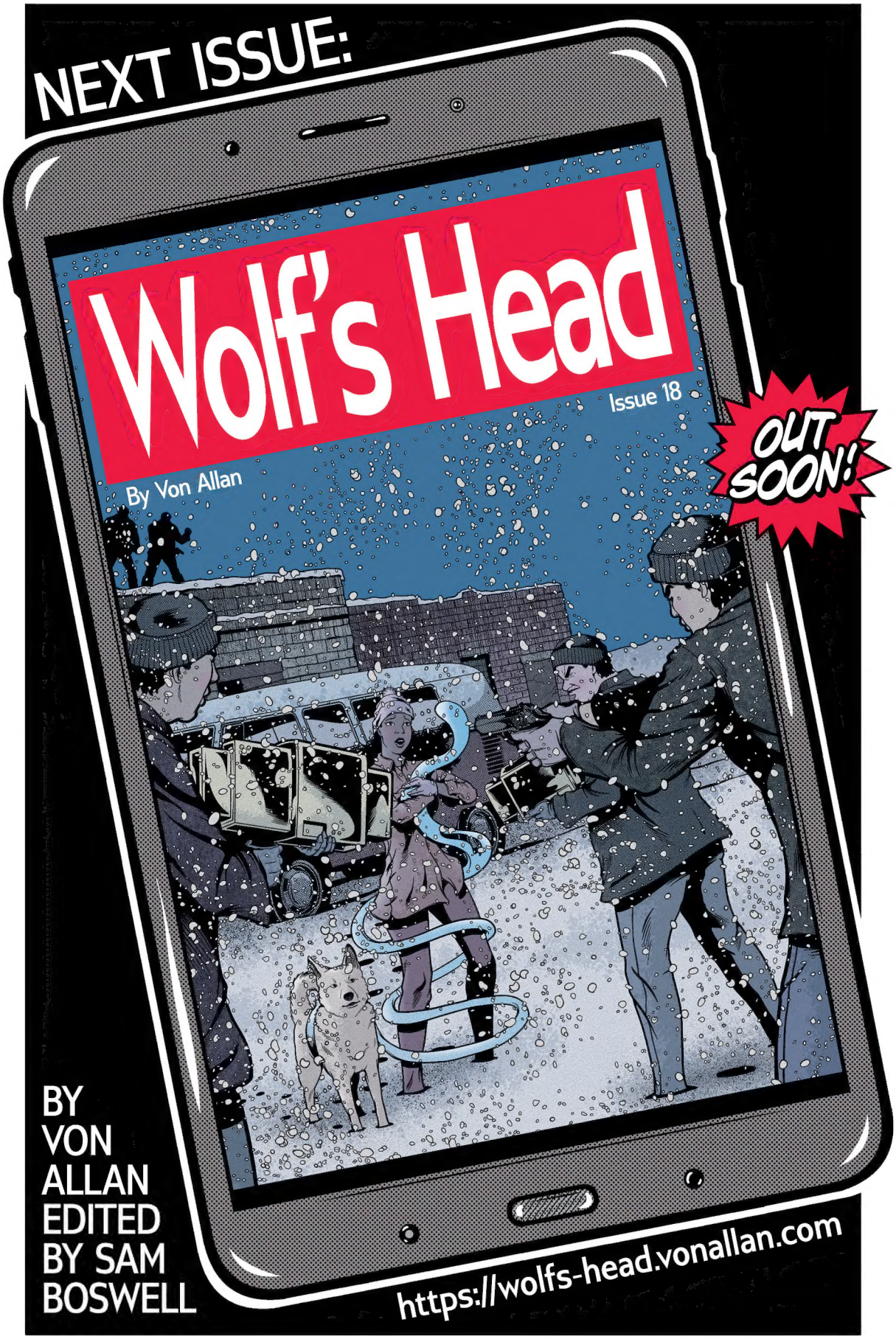
BILL AND ***BUTCH*** ARE SCOUNDREL WIZARDS TRYING TO ENJOY THE GOOD LIFE... WHILE STOPPING THE GALAXY FROM GOING TO HELL IN A HANDBASKET!

FIVE SHORT STORIES THAT, TOGETHER, REPRESENT A SNAPSHOT OF THE ***BEST*** PARTS OF LIFE; MAGIC, WHIMSY, ADVENTURE, AND LOVE.

GET THE BEST for YOUR TIME!

https://wolfs-head.vonallan.com

NEXT ISSUE:



BY VON ALLAN EDITED BY SAM BOSWELL

https://wolfs-head.vonallan.com